## NEHEMIAH'S PLAN,

And How Miss Dean Came to Adopt It at Last.

"Better take this umbrella, hadn't ye?" sugrested a voice from the shadows of the dingy

Miss Dean looked doubtfully at the combination of faded cloth and uncertain bones, then still more Coubtfully at the lowering, dripping sky, and accepted the former as the least of two evils. It was a rheumatic, dispirited umbrella, worn out by long battling against the storms of the world. It protested sallenly and creakingly against every effort to raise it, and when protests did not avail, it yielded suddenly and shot up with a vicious velocity, pinching the fingers and endangering the eyes of its holder. After that one flash of spirit, however, it dropped again, and one side flopped

One-sided and out of joint, like most other things that fall to my lot," murmared Miss Dean; and then, with a philosophy she did not always display concerning the "other things." she whirled it around to the back, where it was at least out of her sight.

"Ah, Miss Dean?" Professor Gresbeck joined her. "Deagreeable afternoon, isn't it?" The professor was not as cheering a sight as he might have been had she not already seen him a doz a times that day passing in and out of her room, and bestowing sharp glances through his green spectacles upon her unruly pupils. But he was just as gallant. He took her umbrella, and holding it over her head at precisely the right angle to let the rain drip from that depressed point on her neck, disconred eliquently of a new writer on geology. It is difficult to grow very entirusiastic over geological strata with a stream of cold water trickling down one's back, but Miss Dean made the effort, even though she reflected that whatever the selion of water on the formation of cosl, its action on her new gray wrap would probably to be to rain it. Did she not know the scorn with which Professor Grosbeck would contemplate the shallow feminine mind that could be distracted from weighty scientific subjects by the trivialities of dress?

Once ias de her own home, however, the marvellous things "under the earth" received but slight consideration. She studied the surface, and found it dreary enough. The duff school-room, the prosy professor, the rainy day, and disagregable walk were no new grievaness. All were common and familiar, only her weariness of them seemed to have culminated this afternoon. She stood at her window and looked across the wet street to the row of buildings opposite. Beyond them were the shepy river and the old gray hills, veiled new by the mist and the smoke from the tall mill chimneys which the heavy air lute certainty beat back to earth again. She had a fancy that it, feitered by it, though it was her native air. days when she was too happy to notice, through | do it for more'n half an hour yet, nohow." busy days too full of care for her to think how they sped, and she was twenty-nine now.

Was there nothing for her but this dull tiresome round? Out in the great busy world were grand men and women living beautiful lives and doing noble work. If she could come | so gray and weather-stained it was. in contact with them! if she could escape from this dwarfed, commonplace existence, and find determination.

been taught to do so? Meggins," she said, when the door opened, "I am going away when vacation comes." "Sakes!" commented Meggins, lucidly.

"Where?" "I do not know yet."

Tom would help her to decide that, she reflected. Dear old Tom! She did not expect he would understand her vague unrest. He was content with his place as overseer in the mills: with looking after the work-people, setfling accounts and keeping all the humdrum wheels moving. But whether he understood or not, he would help her as he had always done. He had never failed her in all the years since they were children together. His watchful glance sought her windows daily as he passed to and fre, and his hand was constantly leaving some token of remembrance in the shape of choice fruit or a cluster of flowers on her sill. And Tom did not care for flowers either, or she supposed he did not, because he never attempted to analyze, or classify themthough, indeed, he was not in the habit of picking may of his pleasures to pieces to see what they were made of. It was enough that she liked them. She smiled as she remembered what authority her likes and dislikes bore for Tom. He had even ceased to trouble her with his carnest wish that their cousinly re-Intionship might change to a tenderer one since he found how distasteful his plea was to her. Of course such a thing could not be. He was loyal, true-hearted, "good as gold, but only Cousin Tom, after all," she assured herself, a part of the old life she was eager to escape

He looked around the pretty room that evening while she told him her purpose, and only his eyes said how pleasant and cozy he found it, or expressed a wonder at her restless wish to be away; but she read the look, and answered it half impatiently: "It isn't just a question of a home and pretty

farniture, or even of hard work and small wages, Tem; it is something quite different. I can't explain; you would not understand if

"If you could explain"-with a slight emphasis on the one word, which she might have resented had she noticed it-"I might understand more than you think. However, I am not saying you are not right, Margie; it will be s change, and rest." She softened at the name; there was no one

else who called her Margie now. "You see I am growing old so fast," she said, in a quieter tone, "that if I am ever to do any good true work in the world-anything worth doing. I mean-it is time I found it."

A sudden suggestion leaped into Tom's gray eyes, but it did not pass his lips. He only "Old, with your face, Margie! Nonsense!"

course she liked to seem young to Tom; but in a moment she resumed, gravely ! "What I have said is true, nevertheless. I

real, earnest, helpful lives of the world—to see what they are doing-and maybe I can find a after my stupid blundering, and I beg that you she knew, but he was perplexing also. Someniche for myself. It is all vague yet, Tom, but you will help me, I know." Across Tom's prosaic brain flashed the memory of a nursery rhyme they had long ago

learned together: "I went to a place (I don't know where) To meet somebody (I den't know who), Who told me something (I don't know what),

And that is the reason I'll never tell you." showing the way."

"Surely, Margie," he answered, stifling a "I shall miss you, though; you must remember that."

The trifling circumstance of her not knowdifficult and delicate task to aid her in doing hostess' hard face. it. But Tom did his best, and by the help of railway guides, many discussions, and a few letters, they discovered a lovely little nook, not sufficiently near to notable places to allow of visiting them at will. In short, a quiet little her dress with grave curiosity. bay from whence one might push out into the great ocean at pleasure. It suited her perfectly, Miss Dean declared, and with the first day of

vacation she was ready to depart. Worthy Meggins wiped hereyes with a corner good care of the plants. It was significant of ure and wender. her softened feelings that she dignified them by that name instead of calling them "green truck," as usual. Tom looked disconsolate, but Margaret's heart swelled exultantly as she waved her farewell. She watched with dreamy | this. eyes the panorama of hill, hamlet, and wood that flitted past her window that day, and

would find the most and best the world held, own clean patched little apron. a pull of smoke, and an unintelligible state- more in soliloguy than as if speaking to any world of "folks" from which she came, When N. Y.

ment concerning something that sounded like one. "Wish Susan 'd wear shiny ribbons and her trunk arrived, and she took from it one "moccasins" or "hogsheads." Margaret stars, only she c n't, 'cause—she's Susan. She's day a portfolio of sketches and drawing mate-started, reflected, and settled quietly in her good, she is," he added, with a flash of his dark rials, he looked from the pictures to her face seat again. Two minutes later the door banged once more, a pair of eyes under a gilt-banded tioned the statement. "Do there be boys and cap glared full upon her, and a hoarse voice girls to play with where you live?" he asked. boy could play if he knew how," he said, shouted, more distinctly,

"Change cars for Noxton and Meadville." "Is that the train for Noxton?" asked Margaret, making her way to the platform. there. Only stop five minutes."

And she was burried away in the jostling brong, and found herself breathless on board the other train just as it began to move. It proved a shorter journey than she had expected. | had left no room for softness, She had miscalculated the time by an hour or more, she said to herself, when later in the and hobbled away. afternoon her destination was announced, and was disappointed in her first view of the place. it at the breakfast table. It was extremely quiet and country-like, and she seemed to be the only passenger who had I stay. Are there any places of special inter- her or grieve at her disappointment, and there stopped there. No sign of any one awaiting | est?' her or of any conveyan e rewarded her anxious

" This is Noxton, isn't it?"

"S'pose so." "Aren't you sure about it?" eggnoggsticism-we don't infirm nor deny

The reply, though unsatisfactory, might have | that she discovered it to be "the little church | ends then." been regarded as an evidence that she was ap- | across the run." preaching the great centers of thought and preciate it in that aspect, and she remarked, with the asperity she was wont to assume toward refractory pupils:

"If you ever knew the name of the place, where Mr. Grey lives?"

longing to air his recent acquirements. He audible

square house up on to the hill."

"Who is 'she'?"

Margaret reflected a moment, looked vainly for her trunk, and considered the smaller artipeared no reliable person about the premises to | chanting tones. whom she could appeal for aid or information. She turned to the boy again and proffered a | plan."

"I will give you this if you will carry my satchel and shawl-strap up to that house." The eyes under the straw hat sparkled, and

thing that tried to rise; she felt impatient of to take care of it while he went up to the next | address any one without ceremony, and so, as | through the narrow passage that grew mostation. He jumped on to that train you come | the sallow-faced minister overtook

Waiting there for a half-hour was not to be "What was Nehemiah's plan?"

She turned from the window with a sudden a narrow oblong bed, stiffly set with a few flow-"Why should I always stay here, and be ered its counterpart on the other side, and to build-" prudent and economical, simply because I have | murmured, "Twins!" as she lifted the brass knocker of the old door.

from hickory-nuts.

"I am Miss Dean," she announced. "Are you?" questioned the woman, calmly. "You did not send any one to fetch my baggage," Margaret continued, with a tone that suggested remissness in duty.

own this many a year. I don't want to buy | phor. anything either," with a suspicious glance at the small satchel. Margaret looked at her in bewilderment.

"You do not understand. I am Miss Deanpecting me, were you not? Perhaps"-with a happy thought that this was probably only an ground again.' obtuse rustic servant-"if you should call Mrs.

"I'd have to call a long time: she's been dead this five years," answered the portress, without opening the door an inch wider. "I wasn't expectin' you, because I never heard of you before, and I don't want any boarders for the summer."

Dusty, tired, "a stranger in a strange land," and the sun sinking low in the west, a sudden dismay seized Margaret.

"It is very extraordinary," she murmured There must be some mistake. I certainly place, and engaged a room for the summer. A boy at the depot directed me here."

began to glimmer on the hickory-nut face. pened! 'Now I shouldn't be surprised if 'twas Noxton where you was aimin' to go to?" she remarked. "Certainly it was. Where am I?"

of place. That one is way off in another di- the next two months if I build at all." rection on the other road. You must have made a mistake when you changed cars." There was comfort in the information that | with a perplexed wrinkle in her forehead. the other was a different kind of place, nevertheless the situation was embarrassing. Miss Dean sat down upon the door-step.

"Then I must go back. What is the earliest train I can take? "Won't be any passenger before two o'clock to-morrow afternoon. You see, this is only a branch road. Come in and rest a spell. You'll

might as well stay here." The door was thrown wide open at last, and Miss Dean found herself in a room as cool and entrace the hostess seemed to concede all claims out shortcomin's and patch up blunders. I've She flushed and laughed, woman-like. Of to hospitality. She led the way to an airy never had anything fresh and new to start chamber, brought fresh water, and suggested the possibility of an earlier supper than usual

if desired. newhere. I want to meet the "Do not inconvenience yourself in any way."

garden, I've work enough on my hands." They looked like it-brown roughened hands that had never lacked hard work. They were He understood her far too well to quote it, or a marked contrast to the delicate ones that had to argue with her. She was one of those not fallen into Margaret's lap, and both women | the penalty of being considered "smart" and uncommon spirits who wish "to follow the noticed it; but the elder only added, a little

morrow, though." A little head, with tangled yellow curls and grave dark eyes, appeared for a moment at ing exactly what she wanted to do made it a hands. There was a curious softening of her

"It is the child," she said. "Go away, Billy." The face disappeared, but a little later, when Margaret was sitting in the wide portico, it possessing any notoriety of its own to make it looked upon her again through the swaying to Susan's care, as she, a little later, left Billy. too expensive for Miss Dean's exchequer, yet | vines, and presently a small brown hand was pushed through and touched the trimming of "Won't you run around here and talk to

me?" she asked, amused, But there was no running. He came slowly, walk, and sat down on the steps at her feet, power, of her immaculate apron, and promised to take | and looked up at her with a mingling of pleas-

"Did you come from heaven?" he asked. "No, indeed!" she laughed, though with a quick thought that the life from which she had | on your hands." come might seem like paradise compared with

filled the long hours with visions. Her oppor- ring-Tom's one extravagant gift-asit flashed tunity had come at last, and she meant to im- back the last rays of sunlight. Then his eyes prove it to the utmost. She was free; she wandered over her dress again, and back to his

eyes into Margaret's face as if she had ques- with a wondering, trembling eagerness. "Plenty of them. I had a whole roomful." | clasping and unclasping his small brown hands "Wish I had some," mused Billy, wistfully, in a tremor of excitement. resting his elbows on his knees, and settling his chin between his small palms. "We'd | pleading eyes.

"Yes, 'm. There's your train, right across | play ball-no," surveying his lame foot, "they'd play ball, and I'd tell 'em to sing." house—a voice like the woman's face, not ex- rest from teaching. There were many things actly harsh, but as if the wear and tear of life | forgotten in those slow, quiet days. Her vague

she found herself standing on the platform of but what to do with the long hours of the interest in it. an unpretending little station, while the shriek- | forenoon was a problem that greeted Margaret | ing locomotive rushed away on its course. She | with the morning sunlight. She tried to solve | dent that had befallen her, but only indefinitely

some folks like to wander round over them." Margaret decided to try the hills; but her

"I shall have the satisfaction of doing both 'meetin''," she laughed softly to herself.

From beyond the half-open door came the sound of a voice rising and falling in a regular sing-song way-a seesaw style of elecution you know it now, of course. Can you tell me | that had nothing to do with emphasis or ex-The boy twisted his torn straw hat, and sentence up, and the other half down. When wavered between a good-natured desire to the voice sank nothing but a murmur reached gratify an anxious inquirer after truth and his the door, but as it rose the words became

"Noble work? Try Nehemiah's plan. "Well, I won't say as there is a Mr. Grey, an' Useful work? Build on Nehemiah's p'an.-I won't say as there ain't; but she lives in that Good in the world? Follow Nehemiah a plan." At first Margaret had only smiled at the aided by Miss Grey's retreating call: tone, but in a moment the words attracted her attention. Of what was he talking? She leaned forward, and caught a glimpse of a thin, | can. sallow-faced, long-haired man swaying to and cles of baggage in her possession. There ap- | fro with a movement that accorded with his | alarm?" cried Margaret, as she rushed out into

It was odd that just those words should come to her in such a place and way. She felt a flittheir owner fergot his new mistiness in abso- | the brief shower ended together, and Margaret | stifling smoke again. left the portico as the people began to come out. "Golly! I'd do it as quick as wink, marm, One after another nodded or spoke to her as | with a strength that only desperation could Her girlhood had slipped away through sweet on, but he'll have to walk back, and he can't spoke as his flock had done, Margaret looked

thought of, and with grim determination Miss | "He was an Israelitish noble, and the great | arms that were crushing the building in a hor-Was her life settling down like one of these Dean picked up the articles she had mentioned leader in rebuilding Jerusalem after the cap- rible embrace. gray afternoons that only grew grayer and and marched up the hill. Her disappointment tivity," replied the stranger, plunging at drearier until the night blotted them out? she | in the place and all its surroundings increased | once into the subject, and not manifesting momently, and the stiff square house, far up the least surprise at the question. "And his the hill-side, was not at all what her fancy had painted, though, indeed, it scarcely bore a man to building before his own house. No trace of ever having been painted in any way, one spent his time running around, putting in a stone here and a stone there, trying to build "It looks as if they had buried the baby in a little in every breach, or trying to find an the front yard," commented the lady, discon- opening that just suited him, and build there; for herself the golden opportunity somewhere! tentedly, as, standing on the steps, she noticed | but every man took the work that was straight before him. If you want to do good work in | trusted to me," Miss Grey explained, hurriedly, ers, on one side of the walk. Then she discov- this world, try Nehemiah's plan. If you want as she sprang forward and vanished in the lurid

> The preacher had dropped into his chanting tone; but just as Margaret began to realize A middle-aged, faded-haired woman, with a | that she had called down the whole sermon | ages before that shouting crowd drew near brass thimble on her finger, answered the sum- upon her devoted head, her foot slipped upon | enough to be directed to the spot where she had mons. It occurred to Margaret at the first | a wet stone in the rough steep path, and she glance that her face bore a strong resemblance | fell. It was awkward enough, she assured her- | between the burning mass and the place where to the ones she and Tom had long ago carved | self in vexation, but the first effort to rise | Margaret stood with Billy's little hand tightly "I should s'pose not, as it isn't mine-though | found herself at Miss Grey's, surrounded by a | and let two smoke-blackened men pass through, for that matter I've had to fetch and carry my | sympathizing group and a strong odor of cam-

> " A bad sprain like that is really worse than a broken bone-at least it takes longer to heal," announced the country practitioner, an hour and horrible flame and sound. But the gray later, when he had examined and prescribed your boarder for the summer. You were ex- for the wounded member. "It will be several weeks before you can put that foot to the

busily about the room, picking up bottles and | to-morrow beyond which they could not see. bits of old linen.

"Miss Grey what will you do with me?" What can't be cured'll have to be endured," | youder is to be 'made new'; don't it say so? I answered that lady, without pausing in her | think I'd be glad to go-but for Billy."

work of putting to rights. Having her presence accepted as an afflictive dispensation was a new experience to Marga- that I can give him." have corresponded with a Mr. Grey of this | ret; she thought of home and Tom. She had | ample leisure for thinking of many things as quick glad look. "Why," she said, brightly, the long afternoon wore away, and she began "I'd have been willing to die any time to gain "Well, there's no Mr. Grey here. I'm Susan | fully to realize the imprisonment upon which | that for the child." Grey, neither more nor less." Then, with a she had entered-that all her planning had | Then the tired lids fell, and with the brightcloser scrutiny of her visitor's attire, a smile | ended in this. How strangely it had hap-

"The idea of leaving home just to bury myself here!" she sighed, reviewing the situa- fire, lighted because of the chill rain, threw a tion. "Nehemiah's plan, indeed! I shall cheery glow over the pretty room, where, with "In Knoxtown-altogether a different kind | certainly have to build straight before me for

Straight before her in the next room sat Miss Grey, bending busily over cloth and pattern and even of the little lame foot, concerning tioned Margaret, and hesitated. She had a good deal straighter and stronger." grown interested after watching her a moment.

"Well, you can't," said Miss Grey, dropping her hard hands meditatively in her lap. "I'm trying to mak over an old dress of my | plan ?" great-aunt's into a new one for myself, and there ain't enough of it. It seems as if I | think." have to stay somewhere all night, and you ought to be able to do it by this time, for my whole life has just been a-makin' over, or and scarcely liking the name. "And did you patchin' up, or turnin' best side out, of what | find your noble lives?" somebody else has used or wasted or spoiled clean as it was plain and homely. With her | before I got it. It's taken my best days to eke | reverently.

"Except Billy?" ventured Margaret, as the child. child's sunny head appeared at a window. "Billy! Well-" Miss Grey paused. That Margaret urged. "I am very glad to stop here | little half-brother was dearer to her even than | wanted some one to take care of, you knowwill let me make as little trouble as possible." | thing that looked out from his dark eyes and | mind if I do take you too, Tom. I don't like "Well, I can't afford to put myself out much, spoke in his wistful tones was more difficult to flatter your vanity, but familiar objects that's honest," was the prompt reply. "I keep | than anything else to fit into her hard homely | sometimes appear to wonderful advantage when | the village post office-though that don't amount | life; it did not seem to belong there. But she | we go far enough away to take a bird's-eye to no great-do dressmakin' and tailorin' be- | would not say so; she was beginning already | view of them."-Harper's for May. sides, and what with the care of the house and | to wonder at what she had said. With a quick breath that would have been a sigh on less determined lips, she bent over her work again. Upon those stooped and rounded shoulders life's burdens had fallen early. She had paid "capable" by having whatever the others of leadings of Providence by going ahead and more curtly, "You're welcome to stay until to- the family were too busy, too indolent or too selfish to do always "left for Susan." When her discouraged mother slipped away out of the world, she found herself alone to plan for and supthe half-opened door, and Margaret's quick | ply what her careless, improvident father never glance of admiration atoned even for her white | provided-to supplement his love of ease with her self-denial, and economize while he wasted. After hard years he had crowned his extravagauces by bringing home a fragile young wife whom he could not support, and, that feat accomplished, had comfortably died and left her It never occurred to Susan to shirk the burdens that others dropped. She had taken them up resolutely one by one, and gone on her way, never having had time for a life of her own. So it happened naturally that having accepted Margaret's stay as one of her "allot-

> the bill, nor repaid in any way," said Margaret, seems strange that I should have been thrown

"Mebby," suggested Billy, gravely-" mebby you was throwed for me. 'Cause I don't have

"That looks like something a little lame

"He shall try," smiled Margaret, won by the That was the beginning of many lessons, in which a new world opened to Billy, and Mar-"Billy," called a voice from within the garet quite forgot that she had left home to find unrest, her feverish ambition, seemed selfish "Comin', Susan," the child answered, soberly, and ignoble in the presence of this strong, brave life before her-such a hard, homely life Sleep could comfortably occupy the night, that she could scarcely understand her own

She had written home nothing of the acciof a "necessary change of plan." There was "I think I must explore your village while | no need that any one should be anxious about was one who would do both, she remembered, "Well, I don't know. I've heard they was | with a little thrill at her heart. Some way she glances, and she appro thed a boy who, perched havin' meetin's every day at the little church was often reminded of Tom in these days. Now in the window of the rude building, was swing- across the run," suggested Miss Grey, in evident | that she was recovering, it was not so great a ing a pair of muddy boots and comfortably uncertainty as to what her visitor might con- disappointment, after all, to find that there sider interesting. "Then there's the hills; was no time left to carry out any part of her original purpose.

"I suppose you'll go away to-morrow," said pleasant rambling was abruptly terminated by Miss Grey, slowly, one evening, as she sorted "Used to be; but, ye see, brother Jim has a dash of rain that forced her to seek speedy and put aside the meager daily mail. "Well, been up to town 'tendin' some lectures, an' he's shelter. An isolated building with an open | we did live before you came-it ain't more'n told me about 'em; an' now him an' me's an portico was fortunately not far from her path; two months ago, either, though it seems so but it was only when she had reached it, and long-but I can't seem to think beyond towas brushing the rain-drops from her clothing, | morrow. It some way seems as if everything |

The touch of sadness so foreign to the voice, and the look in Billy's dark eyes, haunted culture, but Margaret was in no mood to ap- places of interest, then-the hills and the Margaret's pillow that night. She vainly tried to plan for them beyond the morrow, and even when she slept they followed her in dreams. "Come! come!" called Miss Grey's excited

> Then a hand fell on her shoulder, and she pression, but inexorably sent one-half of each | awoke with a start to find the voice a reality. "Quick! quick! the house is burning! I thought you'd never wake!" Through the windows came a flery glare and

a rushing, crackling sound, and already the room was filled with smoke. Margaret made her way through the blinding clouds, catching up articles here and there, her bewildered brain "Gather what you want most. There's no

hope for the house; we must save what we "Why does no one come? Can't we give the the open air with an armful of treasures, and

"Don't wander round. Take Nehemiah's turned a glance of terror at the blazing roof. "Our voices wouldn't reach. The light 'll spread the story quickest; but no one can get here in time to save the house, or anything in ting wish that she had tried the meeting ear- it but what we bring out," answered the owner lier, but in a few moments the service and of the house, resolutely plunging into the Margaret followed her, and they worked

the atmosphere of the old town beat back every- if the man that keeps this ranch hadn't left me they passed. It seemed to be the fashion to have given, tearing up, lifting, and carrying out breakfast which he had made ready, and then her and | mently more sufficating and peril "We must let the rest go," Miss Grey herself up at him with a sudden impulse, and asked: announced, with grim resignation, leaning back against a tree and watching the long flery

> "Fire!" shouted a hoarse voice far down the hillside; then otherwoices took it up, and the sounds drew nearer, Help was coming, too | fortitude to pursue their journey. As soon as late. Suddenly Miss Grey started, turning a breakfast was over, therefore, Mr. Yates and white face to Margaret as she passed.

"The mail! I forgot it!" "That little bundle!" What madness --- " hand were put swiftly aside.

"They belong to other folks; they were smoke.

It seemed hours that Margaret watched for her with straining eyes, and she did not come; disappeared. Then moving figures swept in proved it something far worse. She grew clasped in hers, and partially intercepted her white, and faint with pain, and the voice of view. Loud voices shouted contradictory her companion asking if she were hurt sounded orders, dark groups swayed rapidly to and fro.

indistinct and far away. Some of the others There was a crash of burning timbers, the turned back. She scarcely noticed who came | flames leaped up for a moment and sank again, or how they aided her, but she presently and the crowd, which had fallen back, parted bearing a prostrate form. Margaret could never clearly recall all the incidents of that night. Her recollection was a confused mingling of terror, haste, stifling air,

morning found the old house a charred and smouldering ruin, while in a little cabin down the hillside lay its mistress, with her last work for "other folks" done. Every aid that could Several weeks! Margaret listened to his re- be given had been rendered, but the physician treating steps, looked at her swollen and band- | shook his head as he turned away. Margaret aged ankle, and then at the figure moving sat beside her, sad-eyed and still. This was the

"Don't fret about it," said the steady practical voice, in nearly its usual tone. "'Twould "I'll have to do the best I can, I s'pose. Here | be queer to be here, anyhow, with the old house | you air, and we can't neither of us help it. | gone." Then, after a pause, "Everything up

"Leave him to me," said Margaret earnestly. "I love the child. He shall have all the care The sufferer's eyes flashed wide open with a

ness still on her face she was away. Two days later Margaret reached home. The evening lamps gleamed a welcome, and the Billy tucked away for the night, Margaret and good Meggins lingered, woman-like, over the beauty of the golden curls and the long lashes,

which Meggins declared herself "moral cer-"What is it? If I could help you-" ques- tain that it might be cured, or leastways made Tom, attracted by the bright windows, came with eager greeting. "And you are really

home again, Margie. Did you carry out your "Not exactly mine; it was-Nehemiah's, I "Nehemiah's?" repeated Tom, bewildered,

"I found one-yes," Margaret answered, "And your work?"

"Yes; I brought that home with me. Come and see;" and she led him to the sleeping before I found my contract the pasture, they were at the farther side of the pasture, "But after all, Margie," said Tom, when the talk had grown an hour long, "if you only After indulging in a good laugh over our fright, "Yes, I know," she laughed. "Idon't much

A Very Wicked Tennessee Mule.

[From the Sweetwater Sentinel.] sell the mule that used to draw the town hearse | a log in a dense thicket of small underbrush. and buy a horse? Twice lately he has balked | It was agreed that we should all three sleep and detained processions on bitterly cold days for over an hour, and only last week he kicked | dle was considered the post of pleasure, and we in the front of the vehicle and seriously dam- | got into quite an argument as to who should aged the corpse. People are beginning to get enough of this sort of thing, and if the authori- and each desired the place. The question was ties don't take proper action a citizen's meeting | finally determined in favor of Sergeant Stooky, will be called.

A Man Who Can Split a Needle. [From the Hartford Courant.]

Charles Somerville, a machinist employed in the lock works at Stamford, is so expert in his business that he cameut an ordinary sewingmachine needle in two lengthwise, drill a hole through each half and then fasten them together so accurately that the place where it was separated cannot be seen.

Consumption Cared.

The Escaped Prisoners' Story---A Night Alarm.

[By John F. Hill, Co. K, 89th O. V. I.]

IV. We had just fallen into a doze when the dogs set up an alarming barking and we heard some one halloing at the top of his voice. Our host, Mr. Yates, was disturbed as well as ourselves, and, going to the door, inquired, in a gruff voice: "What is wanted?"

"Which is the way to Thompson's tavern, and can we stay all night?" was the reply. The strangers were told that they were within two miles of the tavern, but that he did not think he could keep them over night, since he did not know who they were or what their business was. To this they responded that they were Con-

federate soldiers, on duty at Danville, and were in search of some runaway Yankees who had escaped from the prison there on Saturday night.

"By the Eternal, you don't say so," said Yates. "How many of the blue devils have got away?"

"About sixty," they replied. Our host spoke in a very loud voice, for no other reason, as we believed, than that we might hear what he said, and his words made the very hair on our heads stand on end. Indeed, we began to fear that after all we had been deceived. "Come in, come in," said Yates, as if he

were commanding a brigade of soldiers; "come in, gentlemen, and let us hear all about it. I have some of as good apple-jack as you ever drank in Old Virginia." "Good God," says Stookey to me, "we are betrayed; what shall we do?" I advised him

to be quiet, and to watch and wait. The soldiers accepted the invitation, and we could hear their sabers rattle as they walked across the rooms below, and the noise they made while laughing and talking, but could

not understand what they were saying. However, they only remained about an hour, and with joy we heard them depart. "Old Eternal" went out with them and said something about keeping a sharp lookout, and the sound of the retreating hoof-beats of their horses was the sweetest music you can imagine. We were now ready to commend ourselves to the care of an Allwise Providence for the remainder of the night, but before we went to sleep we hastily reviewed the scenes of the past day. Some hand more than human had evidently guided our steps that day and had provided us with true and devoted friends. And so we fell asleep again, but it seemed as if we had just closed our eyes when we were aroused by Mr. Yates. He told us that we must get up at once, dispose of the repair with him to a new hiding place, as he thought it would not be safe for us to remain in or about his house during the day. He informed us that he had learned from the soldiers that the authorities were making great efforts for our recapture. A number of our fellowprisoners had already been recaptured, and a few had even gone back of their own accord on Sunday, having neither the strength nor his little son conducted us to a dense thicket about half a mile from the house. It had formerly been a cultivated field, but had been But the unfinished sentence and detaining | neglected, and the second growth of oak, chestnut and pine was so thick that we had to get down on our hands and knees in order to force our way into it. We had gone a distance of about one hundred yards from the road when Mr. Yates said we were sufficiently concealed and left us for the day, promising to send us our dinner out by his little boy, and in the evening to come out himself and bring us some

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH. We now had a chance to make up the lost sleep of the last three days, and having prepared a bed of leaves, we huddled together in it as warm and comfortable as could be, and in a few moments were far away in dreamland. It was about noon when we awoke, feeling much refreshed. Twelve o'clock came and we began to look for our dinner, but no boy ap-

peared. We could hear horsemen riding up and down the road, and we knew from the rattling of their sabers that they were Confederate soldiers, but feeling sure that they could not penetrate to our hiding place, we were not greatly alarmed. The afternoon slowly wore away, but without any signs of dinner, and we began to imagine that there was something wrong. Towards sundown, however, the boy arrived with a basket of provisions. He said that the Confederates had come to his house that morning and made his father turn out to help in the search for us. He told us also that eight of our men had been captured that day in sight of the house, on the public road, along which they were traveling, and his mother had given them their dinner. He further informed us that his father had not got back yet, and he could not tell when he would. We ate a very large supper, and after dispatching it felt so well and strong that we told the boy we would not wait any longer, but would resume our journey that night. We accordingly sent a message of thanks to his father and dismissed

It was a little after dark when we began to crawl from our hiding place, and started out once more for the "Land of Promise." We dashed off at a furious speed, in a northeast direction, paying no attention to roads and making our way over cultivated fields and through the trackless woods. We had probably traveled half a dozen miles, and having emerged from a cornfield, were crossing a road or lane when we heard some one riding rapidly towards us. In our hurry to climb a fence upon the opposite side of the road in order to get into the pasture beyond, we all three attempted to climb over at the same panel, and as a result the top rail gave way. The writer fell backwards into the road again, but his two companions fell forwards, and had scarcely touched the ground when they took to their heels and went bounding off like deer. By the time I had got on my feet again the horseman had ridden up. I saw instantly, by the light of the moon, that he was a negro. As he passed me he raised his cap and said, "Howdy do, massa." Of course, I felt very much relieved, and flattered myself that I was not such a fool as my two companions, to run away from a genteel and polite African! It was some time we started off again, and did not meet a single other person that night. We traveled very rapidly over a level country, and crossed in the night quite a large stream of water that in wading we found to be more than waist deep. Its name I never knew. The moon went down about midnight, but we continued our journey for an hour or so longer, until we found that we were beginning to wander from our course, when we halted and looked about for a suitable Isn't it about time for the local authorities to | camping place. We finally selected the side of that night in one bed. The place in the midoccupy that station. We were all wet and cold, as he was the ranking officer, with the understanding that thereafter we should take turns. As I was next in rank, the coveted position would be mine the following night. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH.

> We were up before the sun the next morning, and off in the direction of a small cabin that was nestled away in the brush, to hunt for breakfast. It was Stookey's turn to make the call, but he was unsuccessful. He found that the inmates had nothing to give us, as they were all sick. So

to show us how he was taught the manual of | with reference to the general feeling. arms when a young man, many long years ago, on the shores of Lake Eric. After breakfast he told us we could camp in his woods for the day, and promised, in case he should hear or see anything that might endanger our safety, that he would have "Sallie give three toots on the dinner horn, repeated three times at short intervals." At this signal we were to be on our guard. At leaving, he filled our pockets with corn-dodgers and dried beef, and told us where to go. We followed his instructions and found a nice retreat behind a large log, about four feet into three watches as usual, and two of us went to sleep while the other kept guard. The day passed quietly, and we were not disturbed by "Sallie's horn"—a blast from which was as much dreaded by us as if it had come from Gabriel's. At dark we were off again, over fields and woods, till we came to a road bearing nearly west. This we followed at a rapid gait. In the early evening we met three or four persons on the road, but as soon as we saw or heard them approach we hid in the bush. We were like

desperate criminals fleeing from justice, and we felt as if every man's hand was against us.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

Towards midnight we struck a more broken

Turkey Mountain. It was not very formidable, and we crossed it by following the meanlook about for some place to build a fire. We | the incident, but that is impossible. finally came across a cabin, in which a small Mr. Marshall is a veteran of the English army, light was seen. We rapped, and a small lad | having served thirteen years in the artillery. got up and opened the door. We told him In those thirteen years he learned the duty of we wanted to warm ourselves, as we were an enlisted man in his branch of the service very cold, and had been traveling all thoroughly. But to come to the story. In night, and that we were Confederate officers out on some secret duty for the government. lay in the valley overlooked by Lookout Moun-We warned him not to tell anybody that he tain, which in the latter month they so galhad seen us, in case any one should come along | lantly stormed. Right on the point of the inquiring for such persons as we were, and he | promontory the rebel signal corps had a flag stapromised us he would not. He informed us, also, that his parents were away from home, and er's maneuvers could be seen, and intelligence that there was no one there but himself and his two big sisters. After he had built up a flag to General Bragg. Thus it will be seen good warm fire we told him he might go to | that it was desirable to shoot away that flag. bed again, as we would not do him or any one he actually thought we were marshals. We was none cooked, and, as we did not feel like captain frowned on his waiting, he showed us across a field to where his | tending to know more the asked for breakfast. Indeed, we put ourselves officially could not be done? entirely in her power by telling over again our sad story of prison life. She listened with much hunting for your men. But," using considerable emphasis, "you need not be afraid of me. I am Union, and so are all my people. Sam my husband, and is now in the rebel army, but | tion. to tell you the truth he and I could never see alike anyhow." We hardly knew what to make of her, but she pressed us so cordially to sit down and make ourselves easy, assuring us that she would have our breakfast ready in a few minutes, that we did so. While she attended to the cooking in another room we sat cozily around the fire and conversed freely

about the devotion and loyalty of the poorer class of women in Virginia. We did not dream of any danger, when who should come boldly stalking into the room but a man dressed in a grey rebel uniform and earrying an Enfield rifle. He sat down near the door and appeared as if at home. He held his rifle between knees and began to chat quite freely. For a moment I thought it was all over with us, and that we had walked deliberately into a

[To be continued.]

SONGS OF THE CAMP. When This Cruel War is Over. Dearest love, do you remember When we last did meet, How you told me that you loved me, Kneeling at my feet! Oh! how proud you stood before me,

In your suit of blue,

When you vow'd to me and country, Ever to be true. CHORUS. Weeping, sad and lonely, Hopes and fears, how vain; Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,

Praying: that we meet again! When the summer breeze is sighing, Mournfully along! Or when autumn leaves are falling, Sadiv breathes the song. Oft, in dreams, I see thee lying On the battle plain, Lonely, wounded, even dying,

Calling, but in vain. If, amid the din of battle, Nobly you should fall. Far away from those who love you, None to hear you call; Who would whisper words of comfort, Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies,

Ever in my brain. But our country called you, darling, Angels cheer your way; While our Nation's sons are fighting, We can only pray. Nobly strike for God and liberty, Let all nations see How we love our starry banner,

Emblem of the free! Gen. Garfield and Our Ex-Soldiers. [Capt. A. E. Palmer's address at Las Vegas.] I was in Washington in February and March. 1877, during the electoral count. Some of the Grand Army feared that the rebel brigadiers might bridal their tongues and draw their swords to overthrow the Government. I was one of the many there to meet them. I had a letter to General Garfield, Congressman from Ohio-just a note of introduction from a dear friend and a comrade of his, a brother staff officer with him on Rosecrans' staff. Of course this mutual friend had given me a big send-off; but the point that seemed to interest the General was that I was an ex-officer and soldier, and now a citizen of Nebraska. He caught me by the right hand with a truly western grip, resting his left on my shoulder with a sort of a "how are you way," and as he shook my hand he said, "Captain, I am glad to know you; I am proud to meet you, as I am any and all good soldiers who battled for the Union. more particularly as a soldier from the west. Do you know, Comrade Palmer, that my heart goes out to those brave boys who returned their blood-stained weapons to the Government and went out to battle with poverty and privations of a pioneer life; to till the soil of western wilds: dig and delve in the mountains, battling with wild animals and wild Indians, grasshoppers and cyclones, to give us an empire in the west. God bless those boys. "Tis there we find the Old Guard. I hope to live to go west and join them at their Camp-fires-keep them burning." Boys, be true to the cause that inspired you to

> Changing the Scarlet for the Gray. [From the St. James (London) Gazette.]

become a soldier of the Union.

The proposal to introduce a new fighting we went half a mile further up in the woods, dress into the English army appears rather An old physician, retired from practice, hav- to a small cabin that stood in the middle of a startling, and there are probably not fifty men with the pitiful sound of a little crutch on the ments," she gave faithfully the best care in her ing had placed in his hands by an East India | clearing, and asked for something to eat. Here | in these isles who will not at first revolt from missionary the formula of a simple vegetable | we had better luck. We were made welcome | the thought that the so-called British scarlet "A kindness that can never be itemized in remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for. to what the occupants had, and when they will no longer be seen on any field of battle, Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and | found out who we were the old man of the | and that the thin red line will become a mere regretfully. "You have so much to do, it all throat and lung affections, also a positive house danced for joy. His name was Smith, tradition. There are many solid objections to and radical cure for nervous debility and all and he had been a soldier in the war of 1812, the measure. An army clings with almost nervous complaints, after having tested its and we found that there was still burning in superstitious devotion to its traditional dress; wonderful curative powers in thousands of his bosom the fire of devotion to his flag and his and in more than one service the abolition of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to country. While breakfast was being prepared, the pig-tail almost caused a mutiny. If we "I thought mebbe- It looked like a star things like-folks. I'm-" he hesitated, and his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive he kept up a parade about us, patting us on the could suddenly strip the army and navy toon your finger, observed Billy, watching her looked at her foot-"I'm the gladdest kind of and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will shoulders, staring us in the face, and then peep- morrow, and make them exchange uniforms, send free of charge, to all who desire it, this | ing out of doors to see if any one was coming. | the men of both services would slink about four |

breakfast in a small kitchen near by, the old | dier, or sailor, or girl would object to the purman stood in the yard, in front of the door, | ticular dresses in themselves, but to the incongoing through an exercise with a hoe-handle, gruity of them under the circumstances and

A FAMOUS EXPLOIT.

How the Rebel Signal Flag was Shot Away at Lookout Hountain. [From the Dayton Journal.]

It is not known to many Dayton people that one of her citizens, a quiet, unassuming old gentleman who is seen on the streets every day as he takes his quiet walks, drawing calm enin diameter, in a dense copse. We gathered joyment from his pipe, which he incessantly some leaves for a bed, and, after talking over | smokes, was the hero of two brilliant exploits the incidents of our journey, divided ourselves | that have gone into history. The man referred to is John Marshall, the veteran shoemaker, now in the decline of life, which is rendered comfortable by the pension his services during

For gallantry in action at Shiloh, John Marshall was promoted to lieutenant of artillery. How he saved battery M, Fifth regiment, is a matter of record in the war archives at Washington. It is not that with which this article has to treat, but a subsequent and even greater

At various times and places one of the Journal's young men had heard of what John Marshall did at Lookout Mountain referred to, and so one day he made up his mind to have the country, and at last came to what is called | whole story from the veteran's lips. Accordingly, he started, hunted him down, and, cornering him, vowed he would give him no peace derings of a small creek, the road crossing it every few rods, and compelling us to wade the stream each time. It was about knee-deep and Marshall is a modest man. He would rather as cold as ice, and we must have crossed it have not told the story; but he is at the same thirty or more times in going three miles, | time an obliging man, and courtesy compelled About three o'clock in the morning we came out him to acquiesce. To give it in his own laninto a valley west of the mountain. We were guage, word for word, just as he uttered it, very much chilled by this time, and began to would be the most interesting way of relating

October and November, 1863, Hooker's army tion established. From this point all of Hookimmediately telegraphed by means of the signal

Across the Tennessee at Moccasin Point the else any harm. He did as we told him, and | six 10-pound Rodmans of the Eighteenth Ohio battery were planted. John Marshall was lieusat around the fire till nearly day, warmed tenant of the Eighteenth Ohio battery. He ourselves thoroughly and rested our weary | could see that flaunting flag of the rebel signal limbs. Just as we were starting the lad got up | station as it waved its intelligence day by day, again, and we asked him to give us something and it taunted him. He knew he could cut it to eat. He said he could not do this, as there down with one of the Ro en guns; but his aption in presuperior offi-Aunt Reynolds lived, and said we would be cers; for had not General \_\_ 2. Chief of certain to get something there to eat. We Artillery of the Army of the Cum- and, said reached the house just at the time that Mrs. | that it couldn't be done? What business had Reynolds was building her fires. We entered | a lieutenant to boast himself of being able to her cabin, told her who we were, and do what the chief of artillery had declared

For that flag had annoved others besides Marshall. It annoyed those high in authority patience, and when we got through she ex- so much that, at the instance of General Hocker, claimed: "Is it possible that you are some of General Brannan, Colonel Barnett and Major those brave men who escaped from Danville? Mendenhall came over from Chattanooga with There were people all through here yesterday | the express purpose of ascertaining if a gun could be trained from Moccasin Point so as to send a shot that would humble that taunting flag. They came to the unanimous conclusion that and I never agreed upon this question. He is | it was impossible on account of the great eleva-

John Marshall watched the estimating with

interest, and when the conclusion was an-

nounced he stepped up, and touching his cap in military style, said to General Brannan: "General!" "Well, sir?" "If you will give me permission to try, I think I can shoot that flag off there!"

The general looked at him sternly a moment, and then said: "Go to your quarters, sir, under arrest!" But this was not the end. The Eighteenth battery was attached to General Whittaker's brigade, and bluff General Whittaker took more stock in Marshall than did the austere Brannan. He had a fellow feeling with him, too; for the flag was a thorn in the flesh to him. Every morning he would take his glass and look to see if the flag was still there, and invariably as he took the glass from his eyes a

big, big, epithet exploded wrathfully from his lips. He was wont to talk with Marshall about "Marshall," he would say, "You are sure you can shoot down that flag?"

"I can, sir." "But, you know what General Brannan says, Marshall?"
"I do, sir. But with all respect to General Brannan, I maintain I can do it." One night Whittaker sent for Marshall to come to his headquarters. When he got there

he said : "Marshall, I've been to Chattanooga to-day and I've signed my name to \$600 for you." "Signed \$600 for me? Why, what's that for, General?" "Well sir, I am going to have you try at that

flag, and General Brannan says you will burst a gun, and I have gone security to the amount of \$600, and to-morrow morning you shall make the trial. John Marshall went back to his quarters that night a happy man. He was now to have the

opportunity to show that he could do as much as he said. He felt the hour of his triumph approaching. In the morning, after breakfast, General Whittaker came down to the Point. Marshall was already there. His gun squad were in perfect drill, for he had shown them so often how he would do it if he only could get permission, and they had taken so much interest that each man was proficient in his part.

watch the effect of the shot. He was a little anxious. "Now, Marshall," he said, "be careful! Don't you explode a gun and kill me, yourself, and a half dozen men." "Never fear, General," responded Marshall, confidently. "I'll hurt no gun. Now watch where the first shot goes."

The general took his place where he could

Everything in readiness, Marshall pulled the lanyard. General Whittaker took the glasses from his eyes, and said: "Too high, Marshall; too high! It went a hundred yards above the flag."

"Yes, sir, I know that; and the next shot will be fifty yards above it." And the next shot was fifty yards above it. "Now, General, this time I'll fetch the flag." The gun boomed. General Whittaker looked and looked for the flag. At last he burst out, "By --- Marshall, she's gone."

In his delight he forgot the distinctions of rank, and, handing his glass to a private of the gun squad, told him to take a look. The soldier did so, and corroborated the general. The glass passed around, and all saw that the flag was gone.

General Whittaker went to Marshall and said: "Marshall, my man, I congratulate you, I'm going right over to Chattanooga and tell General Brannan that the Eightsenth Ohio battery knows more than he does."

General Brannan was an honorable man, if a strict officer, and when he heard that Marshall had succeeded in shooting the flag, he sent him his congratulations, and commended him for his skill. But General Whittaker enjoyed Marshall's triumph even more than did Marshall himself, and he always afterwards treated him with great consideration and favor, and he would rub his hands and laugh with the intensest of relish whenever he had occasion to relate how Lieutenant Marshall, of the Eighteenth Ohio battery, know more of practical gunnery than the chief of ordnance of the Army of the Cumberland, and had forced him to take water on an opinion.

> Astronomical. [From Life.]

Wife (who has been sitting up for delinquent, who enters with an umbrella over his head)-Are you crazy? Have you been going about the streets with your umbrella up this starlight

the stars-perfect avalanche of 'em-couldu's dodge 'em, so put-up m' umbrella. Thought people would think I was intoxicated if I didn't. Wife-If you didn't what?

Weary Husband-That's just it, dear. It's

"Tired" Due-Dun no.

Young or middle aged men suffering from Her presence seemed indeed a constant recipe, in German, French, or English, with He would have worshiped us if we had had weeks or months to come with little less acuteand the most and best the was free; she was